

# THE WAR CRY

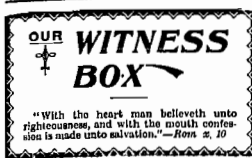
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"Men shall be lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God."—II Timothy iii, 4.





Ensign Sims Tells How He Got a Clean Heart.



**HEN GOD SANCTIFIED MY SOUL,** it was as definite a process as when fifteen months previously He forgave my sins, and saved me.

It was on the 5th of February, '88, that God for Christ's sake pardoned my sins, in a "Friend's" meeting house. Many hours had not passed ere I found that the Christian life was a struggle. My old passions at times threatened me with defeat, and my temper, which often manifested itself in hot, heavy language, would rise at the least provocation, and although I would not, I was bound to close ground more so when unsaved. I had often to bite my tongue to stay from saying and expressing those feelings that I felt burning within.

At first, I enjoyed, religion—I lived in momentary fear of showing to a godless world, and watching companions, that sin yet reigned, and that I was still, in my heart. Not that I cared very much about myself, but I was afraid that I should hinder others from getting saved, and thus bring reproach upon God, and this caused me sorrow.

I never remember having ever shed a tear on account of sin before I was saved (except at the consequences when found out), but some of the bitterest tears that over I shed was then.

For the first year of my converted life, I knew nothing of a higher life, although I inwardly groaned for complete deliverance from inbred sin, and felt that it could not be God's will that I should live with such a contrary in my heart.

It was on a Sunday morning in February, '89, that for the first time I entered an Army meeting in Edmonton, England. Adjutant Morgan was tending and had been known the feelings of my heart, and the controversy that was going on within. His words could not have been better to me; they pierced my very soul, and a light shone into my heart that was greater than the noon-day sun. I saw it all, and I began to feel that I had been fated over and over again. Now I saw that I must give up "struggle-theft," or accept the blessing of "Sanctification," or shall I subvert my own soul? I had accepted Salvation some time before.

I rejoiced at receiving the light, but I joyed no less when I found myself unwilling to pay the price.

In that meeting the invitation was given to those who needed sanctifying to come out to the Holiness Table.

The Spirit told me that I refused. I left that meeting condemned.

**I Had No Peace:**

It went when I refused to obey God. The heavens seemed as if they were praying as never to ascend no higher than the ceiling, and when I prayed the Spirit would only point me to my disobedience and say, "How dare you?"

I didn't backslide outwardly; in fact, I did more work for God than ever before. I attended every meeting, and was possible, even every one I could to the work, often fasting, prayed for hours and nights at a time, even became a recruit for the local Corps, I did not know that I might get the Spirit that I longed so much for; yet I was not willing to obey and go out to the Holiness Table.

The thought, "What people might think prevented me."

I have truly and sorrowfully proved that the fear of man bringeth a snare.

On my return to the Corps, I knew the experience that I was passing through; I feared to tell.

My friends thought that I was getting the religious, "How dare you?" was not religious enough.

Every holiness meeting now was a time of agony for my soul, and I did not sometimes would give the full determination to obey, I failed to do it.

One Sunday morning the Captain invited all Soldiers and Clergy to come out to the front for a general consecration, and thinking that it would be a splendid opportunity of obeying God, and yet, not to be too conspicuous, I went out with the rest.

I prayed for myself, but my prayer didn't reach heaven.

The showers of blessings that fell upon me, comrades and made them shout for joy only felt like icicles on my poor, disobedient soul, and the HOLY GHOST THAT FILLED THEM WITH POWER ONLY FILLED ME WITH CONDEMNATION.

I tried to believe that it would come by faith, and that my feelings were from the devil, and I tried to lead to having received the blessing; but—no! I knew the sorrow and pain of the one who disobeys God; it was making me nearly mad. Another week of fighting against the Spirit of God, and I saw myself an never before.

Was journeying in a third-class car on the C. & N. R. train. As I sat by the window, when GOD SPOKE TO ME so plainly and lovingly, my eyes filled with tears. I could resist no longer; His love had conquered, and with broken heart I cried inwardly, "LORD, I WILL OBEY!"

It was like magic; my burden rolled away the cross lost its weight, and I was sanctified.

That was on a Friday evening, and on the train, I made for the barracks, went out, and the Holy Ghost tried to fulfill my vows, but it was in that third-class car that the work was done, the morning when we hear from the self, and cried, "I will!" That was eight years ago, and I have a clean heart today.

## 592 SOULS SAVED

In One Month in Newfoundland.

**300 New Soldiers—Slum Workers Doing Valiantly Among the Destitute—The Men's Shelter Crowded—Ensigns Moss and a Zessie District Officer, Walked 90 Miles.**

The figures for the Slugs up to date are 592 souls saved, and 300 new soldiers. We have only heard from 14 Corps with regard to the Slugs Ensignment and they report 150, and we are beginning that when we hear from the other 30 that it will go up to 300, for which we give God all the glory. I must say that the Officers and Soldiers hold of it very nicely, and will do with all their hearts to make it a success, and God honored our labor with the above figures. Not only has the Slugs been a blessing to us in increasing our rolls, but the effort put forward for souls has been a means of drawing out the sympathy of the people, and saving us more than what it was before.

**I HAVE JUST HAD A LETTER** from Ensign Kenway, of Grand Bank, saying that God is wonderfully blessing them and that they are getting souls in every Corps. Ensign Moss has just been round her District, and has had quite a lively time. God did indeed bless her, although it was so trying to the body; having had to walk ninety miles to visit her Corps. But, in the end, the work of the District, they gave her a hearty welcome, and not only that, but God used her in the Salvation and Sanctification of many souls. Ensign Allen, of Harbor Grace, has also made her first appearance round the District, and God is indeed blessing her, and is making her a power for good in the Harbor. Ensign Newman has had a blessed time in his Corps, although the travelling has been rather hard, yet God has given him the victory. Ensign Parsons is having good times in his Corps and District, although the same as the other D. O's, travelling has been rather a trial; but the Corps that he is in, God wonderfully used him in stirring up the interest of the Slugs. Ensigns McKee and Ebsary are also having good times.

I am glad to say that our Slum Work is going on nicely and has become a blessing to many in the city. Lieutenants Mercer and Ledlow are going in, and our men, the poor people, and many a child has been fed, and many a sick person has been helped by their aid this winter, which otherwise would not be, only for this work that our beloved Commissioner hunched when on the Island.

Our Shelter also is becoming a great success, and a great help to our men. It is now very nicely fitted up, doing well and paying its expenses. I am afraid that we will have to enlarge it in some way or other as the demand is so great. Not only does it accommodate the people of the city, but the out-harbor people coming in find a great blessing to them, as they would find quite a considerable sum for board and lodgings, now they can get fixed up at the Shelter for very little, for which they are very thankful.

I am glad to be able to report that all over the Island God is blessing us, for which we give Him all the praise.

ALEX. McMILLAN, Provincial Officer.

## PACIFIC PARAGRAPHS.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

**THE SIEGE** is over, but its results still live, and will live in ever-widening circles of influence while lives continue to affect other lives.

This reminds me what a mighty power this mystic something called "Influence" is. We cannot stay its operation, and yet it will live and affect the lives of others when the material powers through which it was conveyed will be mingled with the dust of Mother Earth.

Comrades—whether Officer, or Soldier, or recruit, let this thought of our irremediable responsibility lead us to inspire to earnest effort for the Salvation of souls.

How much can flippancy, flirtation, inconsiderate indifference, and lazy, slipshod, half-hearted service be traced to the fact that this sense of individual responsibility is so little comprehended.

The reason of the above diversion, then, is to show that the increased energy occasioned by the Siege must be fraught with results that it would be impossible to measure the results until the death? In many cases it is but the beginning. Why not so of other lives? Whether for right or wrong—evil or good—let us remember our indebtedness will influence many lives in after years.

I hope, in the endeavor to convey the above truth, I have not made myself clear. What with symptoms acute to make me, a rather rough road just here in the "bad lands" of Montana it is not as easy to think or write it might be.

But to the practical side: The results in actual figures of the Siege was 135 prisoners, and 87 new Soldiers.

I cannot give the Corps' figures, as my top-piece is not capable of retaining such a mass of information in one lump.

It is extremely pleasing to note that several Corps have kept the Siege fire burning, and the activity aroused through that effort is being retained.

Adjutant McDonald has had a distinct move-on in Helena, and were times better in a commercial sense, which would make the first action of having a master, he would have an ideal Command.

Ensign and Mrs. Barnes have done a good work at Spokane. The interest has been well maintained. I recently had the pleasure of commissioning Lieut. Officers and with the new personnel, feel sure brighter victories will be recorded. Special credit is due the distinction of having a Band of Love in operation with the attendant teaching of useful efforts, drills, etc. Great credit is due to the efforts of Mrs. Ensign Barnes for this accomplishment.

Victoria, Vancouver, Butte, Helena, and a few others will soon be added to the list. Which will be the first? I say unto you—WATCH!

Vancouver, Helena, Missoula, Livingston, etc., first and about equal honors for number of prisoners captured during the past month.

It was refreshing to have the presence of our genial former C. S.—Colonel Holland—for a day or so. He dropped off at his way to Seattle.

Two or three changes are taking place. Ensigns W. C. and Lieutenants G. C. Barth are appointed to Missoula; Captain Stevens and Lieutenant Southall to Nelson, B. C.; Captain Quarles succeeds to the Spokane Recruit Home, having volunteered for Itasca work. Her services will be much appreciated there.

Ensign Barnes reports a fair trip in the interest of the C. B. M. Scheme. We would reiterate with emphasis the good advice recently given him not to bother about mundane things. He is proud to find the line of response right along, but persistently refuses to acknowledge one preposition at least as coming under that category.

We are not dependent, nor are we mumping about with our fingers in our mouths. Our troops are ready for action, and expect to see action at times along the line when the plan for the summer campaign is issued that will cause consternation and dismay among the dusky legions of our enemies. But watch for tidings of future triumphs.

## THE DEPT. OF LOVE.

A Reading.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

**A** N OLD LADY sat in her old arm-chair, With wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair, And hunger-worn features; For days and for weeks her only fare As she sat in her old arm-chair, Had been potatoes.

But now they are gone, of bad or good Not one was left for the old lady's food Of those potatoes; And she sighed and said, "What shall I do? Where shall I send and to whom shall I go For more potatoes?"

And as she thought of the Deacon over the way, The Deacon so ready to worship and pray, Whose cellar was full of potatoes, She said, "I will send for the Deacon to come; He'll not mind to give me some Of such a store of potatoes."

And the Deacon came over as fast as he could, Thinking to do the old lady some good, But never once thought of potatoes; He asked her at once what was her chief want, And she, simple soul, expecting a grant, Immediately answered, "Potatoes!"

But the Deacon's religion didn't lie that way; He was more accustomed to preach and pray Than to give of his hoarded potatoes; So not hearing, of course, what the old lady said, He went to pray with uncovered head, But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, goodness, and grace, But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace," She only sighed, "Give potatoes," And at the end of each prayer which he said, He heard, or thought he heard in its place, "The same request for potatoes."

The Deacon was troubled, knew not what to do, 'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so, About those earthen potatoes; So, ending his prayers, he started for home, The door closed behind, he heard a deep cry, "Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"

And the groan followed him all the way home, In the midst of the night it haunted his room— "Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!" His head bore it no longer, arose and dressed, From his well-filled cellar taking in haste A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut, Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut, Her face she sat in her old arm-chair, With the same worn features—same wan air; And entering in, he poured on the floor A bushel more from his goodly store Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy, Her face was beamed and pale no more; "Now," said the Deacon, "shall we pray?" "Yes," said the widow, "now you may." And he knelt him down on the sanded floor.

Where he had poured out his goodly store, And with his prayer the Deacon prayed As never before his lips essayed; No longer embarrassed, but free and full, He poured out the voice of a liberal soul; And the widow responded with a loud Amen!

But said no more of potatoes. Would you who hear this simple tale Pray for the poor, and praying, prevail, Then proffer your prayers with alms and good needs, Scarce but the poor, their wants and needs, Pray for their peace and spiritual food For man and guidance, all these are good.

But don't forget the potatoes. James, 2nd chapter, 15th and 16th verses: If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto him, Depart in peace, be warmed and filled, notwithstanding you give them not the things which are needful to the body: what shall it profit?

Sent by Captain William Lewis, who adds: "It has a splendid moral: how empty a profession is without practice."







THEY were very material angels, and their heavenly influences in no wise connected with their outward appearance. But the patients of the hospital and the convicts of the goal saw with strangely discerning eyes by reason of their solitude and sorrow and hear

#### The Brush of an Angels Wing

When the plain poke-bonnet comes round the corner of their door. The group of happy, matter-of-fact members of the League of Mercy who assembled in the Furdale Rescue Home the other night would be very much surprised to think that there was anything very angelic about them, but the above sentence was from the point of the ward and the cell, and who dare say but that the bringer of sympathy, and courage, and the message of Salvation is little short of a heavenly visitant to the suffering and sinful.

But the cross-lashed sisters were not on a mission of mercy upon the particular occasion of which we speak. They met with the brightest of expectant faces to take tea with their beloved leader, the Field Commissioner, and to learn from her lips lessons to carry away with them to be lived out in their life-work, and to hear roused in the hearts of those sorely shining or suffering ones amongst whom they labored.

It was a quiet, joyous tea-party, but only a prelude to the delightfully informal, pleasantly, profitable little meeting that followed. A Band of Blood and Vice Salvationists cannot fail but to produce

#### A Bubbling-Over Time

of spiritual refreshing, and that those women were such was speedily proved. Mrs. Major Gaskin, who has the oversight of the League work in Toronto, looked beamingly proud of her "Soldiers" as they greeted the Commissioner with a volley which was, as somebody puts it, "the voice of the heart raised without aid of masculine throats ever heard."

"Come, shout and sing, make Heaven ring," given out by Mrs. Brigadier Read, was thereupon taken up with a swing, which gave good cause to anticipate the volume of sound which these same women will make when their voices are tuned to hymns of gold and they are angels in feature as well as in work.

That was a good start to the meeting when Mrs. Beary upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of not only the League of Mercy, but of the Women's Social work generally, read the first and highly encouraging figures. The writer has never been asked for a mathematical mind, and unfortunately the details which were so carefully slipped into a corner of her brain too far down to be unearthed to include in this report, but we recollect the after comment which the Commissioner made when she read the figures were equal to all and better than all but one of the Rescue statistics in the various Territorial divisions of the Salvation Army globe. Her remark was worthy of the daily press, and it is a pity that there was no reporter present for the purpose; but then it was, of course, the delightful privacy of the gathering that lent it such

#### A Homelike Freedom.

The Commissioner suggested a volley for Mrs. Read, which was given with the

heartiness of those who know so well how to appreciate the devotion of a woman who toils night and day in the cause of the Christless and sorrowful.

It would be difficult to say who did not take part, for those who did not speak or sing contributed so much by their cheerful faces and responses. But the speaking was by no means confined to the few, and if there was one part of the meeting which the Commissioner seemed to enjoy better than any other, it was the testimony given by the members of the League of Mercy.

Somehow the gentle presence of their leader, rather than aweing them or causing them any embarrassment, seemed to give them but greater freedom of speech, and they talked of their love for the work and incidents of the seasons that the Lord was giving them to see in it, until their very faces shone, and their glancing—perhaps even at times tear-dimmed eyes—held of the presence in their hearts which their hard but opportunity-holding tasks occupied.

"Friday" that was the special day of her visitation in sight of the most sorrowful and depressing description) doesn't come round soon enough."

There was a little burst of subdued merriment when one sister declared her perfect willingness to

#### "Go to Jail or Anywhere Else for Jesus."

She is the devoted visitor of a certain city prison.

"I was rather frightened," said another, "when I thought of having to speak to the girls. I had never been able to do much in the preaching line. But I soon found out that it wasn't preaching, but only talking about the love of Jesus, and I could do that,—this with a shilling face."

Mrs. Staff-Captain Smeeton's words were full of deep heart-thought as she told of the personal blessing that she had received from the most patient of pain had been made to her soul.

Perhaps one of the most pathetic little words was given by Mrs. McGee, who in the making of the tender interest and thought expressed by those visited by the League for the Commissioner, whom they have never seen, but whom they love as the inspired leader of the people who have brought to them

#### Days of Heaven's Own Comfort.

One of the most touching and heartfelt prayers breathed for our leader during her late sickness rose from the hospital bed, where the sufferer had laid for 20 long years.

The Rescue work was well represented by Staff-Captain Stewart, who had been invisible during the earlier part of the evening, being taken on the preparation and superintendence of the tea-table. Her quiet concentration is not of the kind to shine in a multitude. "I can talk best when I am with you," she said, "living in one of those glimpses into the depths of self-forgetting, gently, helpful lives that our Officers of the Women's Society live."

But while there was pleasure in telling and profit in hearing the accounts of victories achieved there, the stirring of this when she likened the members of the League to the students of some medical college who after going through the anatomy and physiology and physically sick, had come thither to gather up fresh phials of grace and fresh stores of strength, and then to turn and go out the fester able to soothe the pain and heal the sorrows of the sick and suffering.

This expression reached its culminating point when came

#### The Event of the Evening

and the Commissioner stood up to speak words of encouragement and to visit to every branch of the blessed work of the League of Mercy, for had she not been one of the very first in the old Turner to open up this kind work, where it was not so comparatively easy to get into the public institutions? She had kept herself by the hospital bed during

hours with which to cheer the dreary hours of some sufferer, while upon a prison bus had failed to cheer her hottest days as she had pleaded with the hardened souls of criminals of all characters, and even with the scorned and sentenced murderers. From out of a wide experience the Commissioner spoke tender encouragement, for this, she said, was a kind of work in which she could always see what you did accomplish. "But do your duty," she went on, "and you may be sure that God is doing His part. Perhaps out of the longest grew another, and that the beautiful truth that blessings given are blessings bestowed, to return some time upon the giver's own head; for as the heavens gave the rain and yet, after refreshing the earth caught the moisture back again, so the help and sympathy that we throw out of our heart, if it is but breathed over the head of an infant, so surely will come once more to us in a return of blessing, thus unceasingly

#### Weaving Our Own White Robe,

and gathering the gems which will one day shine in our crown. A large heart was shown to be absolutely necessary in that, or indeed any other kind of work for God and souls.

"I have one great ambition," said the Commissioner, "and that is to protect everybody's heart wider. Get a large heart and you will get long sight to see further than appearances—long arms to reach the needy, and long legs to climb the hills of difficulty." Then before the close, when she brought the Officers and workers all before the Throne, and a little heavenly influence rested upon the little throng, the Commissioner spoke a word to all about the necessity of keeping unimpaired and always right in personal experience, beseeching those who had such constant contact with the sadness and sinfulness of other hearts to keep always for themselves a heart of their own souls. God kept nature fresh—only about thirty-six hours of stagnation, and there would be epidemic-disease about it. There was an equal danger for the soul that allowed itself to live upon an old experience. But fresh grace received made healthy the experience and succeeded the heart-memory of the past.

But it is quite impossible to tell all that that the Commissioner said that night—now not written in the dole of words in the thoughts of heart-memory with those to whom they were said destined to bring increasing blessing down the sad lives touched by the Sisters of the League of Mercy. So that not only the "angels," but those wounded spirits to whom they go will share the harvest of that quiet hour.

## The 24th at Guelph.

(Special.)

VISIT OF BRIGADIER READ, Ensign Shea, Captain Pavecek, Treasurer Cranfield and Sergeant-Major McCartney for the Queen's Birthday. Week-end triumphant success. Sunday night, on the old Post-office stand, mighty, old-fashioned crowd. Inside meeting, good, TWO SOULS. Knee-drill, ONE SOUL. Holiness meeting, TWO SOULS. Merry on the grounds in the barracks at the Free-and-Easy. Shea, excelled. The Brigadier poured in hot shot. Victory in spite of rain. The devil discomfited. The Soldiers devoted to the cause they have espoused. The renowned Walter Scott and Faithful Charlie Dawson, with other veterans, still at the front. Adjutant Creighton, D. O., assisted nobly.

Soldiers fought long and well. Enemy repulsed and driven. Great open-air at night, with massive crowd and \$1.00 collection on the drum. Splendid order and conviction. THREE SOULS. The Commanders, mother and her son, prostrated under the power of God. Captain and Mrs. Wakefield have well held. Great expectations for the Commissioner's visit. Monday, (Queen's Birthday) afternoon, Soldiers' Council at night, grand. Berlin Commanders enjoyed the evening. The attendance nearly double average. Frances troubled.

IN LONDON, Ont., JAIL.

On Sunday afternoon, May 16th, we had a service in the jail, when thirty-two prisoners were used. Staff-Captain Turner gave them a good straight and plain talk on Salvation, and God's power to save and deliver from sin. Three of them requested to be put for the day in the H. W. Collier, Captain.

## NOTES BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

GREAT UNEASINESS prevailed at the Territorial Headquarters this week. The cause was not so much the signs of one. There seemed to be a feeling that something was going to happen. This feeling so caught hold of the Territorial office that I did hear some of its members could hardly work at all.

The official announcement that appeared on the Bulletin Board, even to great flutterings of heart, even to the repeating of "We cannot tell you what may fall beneath the chattering rod." (See Bulletin in another column.)

By referring to the Bulletin, it can be seen exactly what has happened so far. "Cannot say what it is the end of it." It is the beginning of the end for a short time.

The Officers and Soldiers of the Pacific Province will be heartily welcomed by Brigadier Howell and Staff-Captain Watson. I predict a glorious future for them. It will be, "I love you and you love me, we are all here together."

Major Friedrich, the late Provincial Officer for the Pacific Province, is at present on furlough.

The Central will welcome Brigadier Read and Staff-Captain Minnie with open arms. The progress of the Province will not only be maintained, but advanced under its able leadership.

The rapid strides the West Ontarians have made is well known. They are longing for an opportunity to show their love and loyalty for the flag by rallying to the help of their noble Province office. Leading him up to the Throne of Grace and carrying out his wishes. This they will have an opportunity to do with Major Southall and will do it nobly.

The great move round at the Territorial Headquarters will have a good effect. The Commissioner has made some good changes and good changes always have a good effect. Amongst others, the Editorial and Chief Secretary's offices are considerably strengthened.

The Summer Campaign promises to be very interesting. The Territorial Bicycle Brigade has started last week with the Field Commissioner to Bowmanville, next week to Guelph, then Hamilton, and possibly Brantford, Woodstock, Stratford, Galt, perhaps Berlin, and perhaps Palmerston, and perhaps not,—too early yet to say.

Just one more marriage. The Chief Secretary performs the ceremony at St. Catharines on Monday, June 2, between possibly Dr. Frank and Miss Celine, the interested parties. We are delighted to hear of Ensign Atwell's success at St. Catharines, and pray that his united future may be useful and happy in God's service.

#### New Glasgow District.

The three months' campaign proved a very interesting one. The soldiers have been saved. The Enrolments were as follows: New Glasgow, 19; Stellarton, 8; Westville, 4; Pictou, 2, (wonderful display of grace) making a total of 33 Soldiers.

The Junior Soldier Annual was a good hit, creating fresh interest and encouraging the children. The "Easter programme" given at New Glasgow.

New Glasgow's new Soldiers are ordering uniforms. There is a healthy sign. The "Barnetts, etc." Brothers' gnomes, says, S.B.'s, etc., these are the things we like to see.

The Corps and Band are coming on nicely. Captain Gamble and Lieutenant Ilcey are having success.

Parcels, special "ro's", and a Halcyon wedding are among the coming events.

Old warriors have come back again and are doing splendidly. Brother Jim McKeen is home again and doing well. Praise God! Several others have been helped back to God, and the old smile and "Hallelujah" is a very encouraging. We mean to fight and conquer.

Ex-Commander.

"I ran up to the meeting at the Barracks last night and we had a good time. The women gave me the prayer-meeting, and we kept her going till 11 p.m., when we finished up with eleven out and ten of them testified to a very encouraging. Good for old Winnipeg, eh?"

T. H. COLLIER.

# THE WORLD'S MAD RACE

"Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction"



THE FIELD COMMISSIONER TO HER TROOPS: "The Salvation Army must block the path of the pleasure-seeking"

# RACE FOR PLEASURE.

...and many be they that enter in thereby.--Matthew vii, 13 (R. V.)



on their way to destruction. I CHARGE YOU STAND FIRMLY FOR GOD AND SOULS IN THIS SUMMER'S CAMPAIGN."

## LATEST FROM WEST ONTARIO.

## Recent Changes of Officers Producing Good Results.

THE Officers in West Ontario who were changing appointments have all gone to their new appointments full of faith, and already God is showing out His Spirit. Below are a few extracts from letters received from the Officers.

ADJUTANT AIRCHILD writes: "We had a good Sunday. So far eleven have sought the blessing of a clean heart, and seven for pardon. Total, 18. Chatham for God!"

ADJUTANT GREIGHTON says: "Arrived safely; find things in good condition, and we are in for victory. Three souls yesterday."

From ENSIGN ORCHARD: "A splendid reception. One soul on Saturday night."

ADJUTANT ARKETT writes: "Soldiers turned out well. A splendid day. Everybody seemed pleased. One soul on Sunday. We like the place very much." By the way, this is the Adjutant's first appointment in West Ontario. A hearty welcome is extended to Adjutant and Mrs. Arkett from all in the Province.

CAPTAIN JARVIS, Strathroy: "I promise you to strain every nerve to pull things up. The signs of the times are good. One soul last night; proper case."

From PETROKA comes the tidings: "Good day yesterday and one soul."

CAPTAIN BLACKWAY, Wyoming, writes: "I like the place well; nice crowd of soldiers; real good to help. I don't think it could have been sent to a better place."

CAPTAIN HEADLIP: "I have found Theoford better than I expected. The Soldiers I have seen are getting on well in their souls."

CAPTAIN SLOTE writes: "We had three backsliders saved Sunday. I believe God is going to give us some good times in this place."

## A COLONEL COMES HOME.

Colonel Boon, formerly Chief Secretary for Great Britain, who three years ago resigned his commission as an Officer in order to help in a more expeditious manner the poor, has applied to the General to re-enter the work. He recommends his Army career as an Officer in charge of a Corps.

The following is a copy of the correspondence in the matter:

Darby, May 1st, 1887.  
My dear General,—I feel that I did wrong in leaving the Army, and I desire to acknowledge it, and, if you will receive me, I wish to return to its ranks.

When I resigned my commission it was to seek some quicker way of helping the poor. My soul had been deeply stirred by the hideous misery which our work revealed in many directions; I thought that some of the social and political remedies proposed by the enthusiasts of the hour might cure these evils by methods which could be more easily and rapidly secured than those to whom The Army is pledged. I have found out my mistake. I see now that although there are, no doubt, many matters on which we legisla-tion might co-operate with us, that it is in the character of individuals, and of the Spirit that real deliverance must come.

Will you receive me back? My wife is one with me in this desire. We have had no real happiness since we left. We love The Army just as much as ever we did. We have never and never again had anything to do with those who have done so.

Yours faithfully,

W. BRINDLEY BOON.

International Headquarters, London, E. C.

May 19th, 1887.  
Dear Comrade, I have received your letter, applying for restoration to our ranks. An appeal so frank and earnest cannot but go to the heart. I thought you very much mistaken when you went from us; I am glad you have now made the

discovery yourself, and have acted upon it in coming back home, and I have no alternative but to throw open the door and let you in. It is my belief that it may be your lot never to go forth again until it is to join the company above.—Believe me, Your affectionate General,  
WILLIAM BOOTH.

Mr. W. R. Boon.

## MIXTURES.

Major Southall, of Spokane, has been at Headquarters this week.

As far as I have observed, the Army is more than "holding its own."

The Temple Corps cartridge money has more than doubled in the last five or six months.

Sixty-seven Temple Soldiers and Recruits attended Soldiers' meeting on Thursday.

Special meetings were led at all City Corps on Thursday night by Headquarters Staff.

Rev. H. Whiting and Rev. Mr. McColl were present at Lieutenant Puyton's farewell at Port.

Montreal now has a No. IV. Salvation Army Corps—Joe Bee's, and French and English Divisions.

The Forest Town Band played "God be with you till we meet again" at Lieutenant Puyton's farewell.

London, Ont., City Council have very kindly granted our Comrades the use of Exhibition Park on Sundays.

The Rev. Mr. Cuskin wrote Ensign Edwards and took his place on the march at Fredericton on a recent Sunday.

The Temple Soldiers carried chairs on the parade, and had two open-air meetings, instead of the usual indoor meeting on Wednesday.

New Glasgow District is going in for a Jungle Band, a Mouth-Organ Band and Special Band of Love missionaries in the open-air work this summer.

Say I saw a lassie Captain the other day that didn't wear S. S. on her collar!

How can she expect Soldiers to wear regulation uniform if they have a bad example?

John Hart, a red-hot, proper, good fellow, who has been an Officer in Japan, is assisting the Adjutant in the Temple. I expect he will soon be an Officer again.

The Army is all right. Its Headquarters powers, or persons at the head centre are all right; therefore God smiles on it and gives victory. So don't you be afraid to enlist or help it along.

Charley Clark, the man that "sets up" the War Cry and Young Soldier on the Linotype machine, marched with the Temple Corps, played his cornet and testified in the open-air on a recent Wednesday night. There's lots of "big gun" helping us lately.

I've seen scores of Soldiers and Local Officers who have been in the Salvation Army for years that have not yet got into regulation uniform. They might as well get it "first as last," for we're an Army that always will wear it, and armies always wear uniform to distinguish them from people who don't fight.

Bob Griffiths, well-known to many Salvationists, is assisting in our etching department for a few days, and occasionally blows horn in the Staff Band. He ought to be an out-and-out regulation Hood and Fire Soldier, and give himself completely to the Army and Army to be an Officer. What do you think, Bob?

Mrs. Brigadier Read has a varied and interesting programme arranged for her tour in Eastern Ontario. In addition to a number of Salvation and Holiness meetings, she lectures on "Desires of Society."

In each place visited, also "League of Mercy Work." In Ottawa, Mrs. Read speaks on the Rescue work in the West. End Methodist Church, and made a drawing-room meeting in the house of a leading lady.

Quebec, the Women's Social Secretary conducted the university of the Men's Shelter.

Montreal, Mrs. Read has a meeting in the Presbyterian Mission on Ingersoll Street; the French Corps, Point St. Charles, and a Sunday at No. 1, also opening the new Rescue Home, which is to be called the "Jubilee Industrial Home."

Kingston, Brockville, Oshawa and Perth are also visited.

## SUNDAY POST, ST. JOHN'S, N.S.

Some twenty-five or thirty families have been helped and cared for during the past winter. This part of the work promises to be a great blessing to the sick and dying in the great slums of St. John's, Lieutenant J. LeDrew, Commanding Officers.

## THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH BURGULAR.



## Introductory Note.

[We herewith publish the opening chapters of a most thrilling story of Savink Grace. We give publicity to the happenings herein stated as they show how hard the way of the transgressor really is, and the efficacy of our Social Institutions in dealing with the submerged and criminal sections of society. That Dad Sloss was a hardened lawbreaker the following facts abundantly attest to—

Dad Sloss was born in the slums of Glasgow, and began his criminal career when seven years of age. He developed into one of the most daring and persistent law-breakers of the century. Forty years were spent by him in Her Majesty's prisons at home and abroad. He was flogged eight times (four hundred lashes each time), receiving in all four hundred lashes with "cat." Twice after he had escaped from convict prisons, only to be recaptured. Converted 19th May, '89, at the Salvation Army Shelter, Clerkenwell, London. Dad Sloss "the ex-Duke of Portland," is now at the "Bridge," at Argyle Square, King's Cross, and stands at prison-gates every morning, trying to help others up who have fallen.]

## CHAPTER I.

## To Burglary Born.

Archibald Sloss, the subject of this life story, was born on February 25th, 1825, in the slums of Glasgow, his parents being habitual thieves and drunkards. They had no honest trade or occupation, but simply lived on the proceeds of crime. Young Sloss was very badly treated by his inhuman parents. His father was such a terror and a bully that no one dared to

## MAIL BAG SIFTINGS.

## WE WERE MISTAKEN.

THE following letter from Winnipeg corrects an error both the Editor and Adjutant Bradley inadvertently fell into:

Dear Brigadier Complin:—  
I see by the latest "Cry" to hand that in your report of an interview with Adjutant Bradley, you say that he rubbed \$25 on the 1. P. E., and that this broke the record for the Territory. I think there must be some mistake here, as Winnipeg did \$100.00.

T. H. COLLIER, Major.

## LOVES "THE WEST."

SAYS MRS. ADJUTANT PHILLIPS, of Vancouver, B. C.: "I would like to come to Toronto for a week and then fly back to the West. If only I could. I know to the West. I wish to go. I am for loving the West, if they could only see it. Sometimes I miss you all very much. We often speak of Toronto and its associations. Adjutant is getting quite fat since coming here, though the climate does not suit me at all."

## ALL THE WAY FROM THE TRANSVAAL.

A COMRADE and reader of our War Cry at Komatoput writes as follows:

I have just received the "Cry" of February 25th, with your Commissioner's notice of the 25th of March. She writes some grand articles, doesn't she? I like them very much.

You cannot imagine what a treat the "Cry" is to me now, away from the Army. I don't know what I would do without it. I have only been to one meeting since '92, and I have not seen a Salvationist since '92, and there are no churches in this wilderness. But I think God He is always near. I am so glad He ever brought me to the Cross. I don't know where I would have been now but for His love to me.

This is an awful country for one who is used to the Army.

Sometimes young fellows come out here thinking to make fortunes, and instead of that ruin both body and soul. I have seen so many here that young men come out here, and after being away from all good influences for a few months, go to the bad altogether.

interfere with him. At four years of age Archie Sloss began to sleep out at nights, in doozies, or under a table, to escape the cruelties of his father. At six years of age the boy was made drunk with half-pint of whiskey, which his father made him drink, beating him with a stick until the last drop was consumed, after which the insensible child was thrown out into the street to lie among the rubbish and refuse.

Young Sloss never knew his parents to enter a place of worship, or to go to school or religion.

In consequence of their drunken habits they always lived from hand to mouth. Their lives were, indeed, a hell on earth. At seven years of age, the boy was kicked out of doors by his father, and told to "go and hunt round" for his living. What chance was there for the child in this world? What a pathetic picture of child-life!

Just at this period he was adopted by a family of thieves, and lived with them eight years. He was taught thieving, and was trained as a professional house-breaker, and, putting his whole heart and mind into the unlawful business, he developed into an expert. At fifteen years of age the young burglar became convinced that the law was too slow to catch him.

"The law catch me?" he sometimes boasted. "No, not me! Poor, old, sleepy law! Ha! ha! Archie Sloss is too clever and too wide-awake to be taken by the law."

Putting full trust in his own cleverness, he lost all fear of being caught, and openly defied the law and the authorities.

The father of the family into which Sloss had been adopted had already served fifteen years in prison for house-breaking, and the sons and daughters had several times been convicted for stealing. Plainly speaking, their home was a splendid school for a criminal education. Crime was the only study and the only pursuit of the family.

Young Sloss experienced no difficulty in serving his apprenticeship to the profession of a burglar, his mind was already set in that direction. He became a most industrious law-breaker as a matter of course.

It is always easy to tell a fellow new in the country, for then he seems to have some heart and conscience, but the maddest of money-making soon takes all that out of him.

The Transvaal is very unsettled now, and thousands of men are out of work. The Government are importing guns and ammunition by every ship from England, and the English are sending two regiments out to the Cape this month, so it looks as though there was going to be trouble.

## A CORPS REPORT IN THE EDMONTON BULLETIN.

The Salvation Army parade on Saturday night attracted considerable attention. The central figures were "The Ten Virgins," attired and equipped in glistly robes of white, with their lamps trimmed, but not burning.—Edmonton Bulletin.

## THEY MUST HAVE GOT STEAM UP.

"The Canadian Statesman," referring to the Field Commissioner's meeting at Bowmanville, says: "Major Gladwin, Captain Peacock assisted in the services, but they shouted too loudly in addressing people who live outside of a deaf and dumb world. The Commissioner is correct when it is necessary to shout so wildly in petitioning the Almighty, whose ear is ever open to the feeblest cry of His children."

## OUR BUSY CHANCELLOR.

Major Collier sticks pretty closely to a office, sometimes for days or weeks at a time he is never outside Winnipeg, and at the end of the month it is extra heavy early and late work getting out statistical returns.

Nursed on nature's rotten jules  
Rot of bruley, rot of corn,  
Rotten bacon and rotten jays  
Rotten fane and reputation,  
Rotten politics in the nation!  
Rotten baffle, rotten law,  
Rotten with a rotten cause,  
Nursed on nature's rotten jules,  
Rot is all that he produces.

—Westerly Tribune.





# God Bless The Cadets.

## CADET MARTIN,

Of Windsor, N. B., Champion This Week.

Cannot McIntyre Get Ahead—Sergeant McQueen Does—Good Work—Mrs. Adjt. Cass, though having a little family, Booms Gallantly to the Tune of 156—How's that, ye Married Women?

WELL DONE, ALICE HENDERSON!

Cadet Martin, Windsor, N. B. (1st wk.)	255
Cadet Martin, Windsor, N. B. (2nd wk.)	267
Sgt. McIntyre, Halifax I.	290
Sgt. J. McQueen, Moncton.	175
Mrs. Adjt. Cass, London.	148
Mrs. Adjt. Creighton, Brantford.	118
Aglie McConn, Stratford.	117
Lieut. Coolen, Chateaufort.	109
Agnes Barrard, Montreal I.	105
Sgt. Ottaway, Essex.	97
Secretary Mrs. Billows, Spokane.	90
Sgt. Collier, Spokane.	78
Sgt. Bentley, Brantford.	50
Billa Gage, Ridgetown.	50
Carrie McQueen, Windsor, Ont.	50
Jennie Biles, Chateaufort.	50
Mrs. H. Mann, Woodstock, Ont.	50
Mrs. Adjt. Phillips, Vancouver.	50
Cadet Meredith, Winnipeg (1st week)	50
Capt. Primrose, Spokane (1st week)	50
Mrs. Capt. Wynn, Collingwood.	50
Mrs. B. Butt, London.	50
Lieut. Hickey, Westville.	50
Ensign Kendall, Brockville (2nd week)	50
Ensign Kendall, Brockville (1st week)	50
Capt. Primrose, Brockville (2nd week)	50
Capt. Prince, Chateaufort.	50
Sgt. Terry, Lindsay.	50
Lieut. Smith, Lindsay.	50
Cadet Lloyd, Winnipeg (1st week)	50
Lieut. McLeod, Victoria, B. C.	50
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow.	50
Sgt. C. Brass, Hamilton I.	50
Mrs. Barker, Kingston.	50
Cadet Brander, Winnipeg (1st week)	50
Capt. Bruce, Woodstock, Ont.	50
Capt. Moffatt, Vancouver.	50
Lieut. McEneaney, Summerside.	50
Ensign Elison, Moncton.	50
Maggie Graham, New Glasgow.	50
Capt. Costa, Trenton.	50
Cadet Laws, St. John.	50
Sgt. Major Leas, St. John.	50
Capt. Huntington, Hespeler.	50
Tennie Brooklet, Pembroke.	50
Capt. Lorimer, Moncton.	50
Cadet Bauman, Winnipeg (2nd week).	50
Mrs. Scott, Guelph.	50
Cadet McLean, Winnipeg (2nd week).	50
Sgt. J. Moore, Halifax I. (1st wk.)	50
Sgt. Sparren, Windsor, N. S.	50
Sgt. Armstrong, Sarnia.	50
Lieut. Pynn, Stratford.	50
Cadet Corran, St. John I.	50
Capt. Jarvis, Stratford.	50
Cadet Brander, Winnipeg (2nd week)	50
Cadet Meredith, Winnipeg (1st week)	50
Capt. Brubaker, Chateaufort.	50
Mrs. Thompson, Nanaimo.	50
Cadet Hanson, Winnipeg (1st week).	50
Mrs. Smith, Galt.	50
Capt. Wilson, Kenilville.	50
Capt. Parker, Kingston.	50
Mrs. Johnston, Bowers.	50
Capt. Stidiker, Leicester.	50
Capt. Ollie, Yorkville.	50
Sgt. Woodard, Brantford.	50
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I.	50
Sgt. Lewis, Chateaufort.	50
Etta McCueh, Westville.	50
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	50
R. Robertson, Trenton.	50
Bro. Palmer, London.	50
Capt. Redburn, London.	50
Sgt. Crane, New Glasgow.	50
Sgt. Schneider, Chateaufort.	50
Mrs. Moore, Riverside.	50
Mrs. Simons, Kingston.	50
Cadet Lloyd, Winnipeg (2nd week).	50
Ensign Smith, St. John I.	50
Lieut. Peacock, Stratford.	50
Capt. Taylor, Walkerton.	50
Sgt. M. Currow, New Glasgow.	50
Ensign Holden, Windsor, N. S.	50
Bro. Mattice, Cornwall.	50
Sgt. Held, Halifax I. (1st wk.)	50
Mrs. Adjt. Creighton, Halifax I.	50
Lieut. Chapple, Kempville.	50
Frank Brothers, Windsor, N. S.	50
Lieut. Henry, Chateaufort.	50
Sgt. Biddard, Kingston.	50
Mrs. Adjt. Arkett, St. Thomas.	50
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Windsor, Ont.	50
Ensign McFarlane, Chateaufort.	50
Lieut. Froan, Nanaimo.	50
Emily Howell, Riverside.	50
Chris Peterson, Vancouver.	50
Bro. Stainer, Cookstock.	50
Lieut. Sleeth, Pembroke.	50
Capt. Biles, Montreal I.	50
Capt. Blake, New York.	50
Maggie Holden, Windsor, N. B.	50
Cadet Barner, Winnipeg (2nd week)	50
Jessie Irons, Windsor, N. S.	50

Lieut. Gatzke, Galt.	50
Capt. Huxtable, Hamilton I.	50
Bro. Johnston, Hamilton I.	50
Sister Correll, Bowers.	50
Mrs. Little, London.	50
Rusher, Tompo.	50
Sister S. Colley, Montreal I.	50
Jessie Irons, Windsor, N. S. (2nd week)	50
Ethel Smith, Guelph.	50
J. Wilson, Montreal I.	50
Florie Awa, Halifax I. (1st wk.)	50
Cadet Hebb, St. John I.	50
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	50
Sister Martin, St. Thomas.	50
Adjt. Arkett, St. Thomas.	50
Cadet Davidson, Winnipeg (2nd week)	50
Cadet Barner, Winnipeg (1st week)	50
J. Wilson, Montreal I.	50
Bro. Norfolk, London.	50
Annie Mitchell, Hamilton I.	50
Ida Sullivan, Vancouver.	50
Sister Crossman, Moncton.	50
Annie Fry, Brockville.	50
Sgt. Graber, Spokane.	50
Lieut. Gamble, Summerside.	50
Sister Crossman, Moncton.	50
Bro. Doucine, Cornwall.	50
Sister Miller, Cornwall.	50
Capt. Courtney, Hamilton I.	50
Alice Goodwin, Hamilton I.	50

## NOTES.

No less than 156 Boomer's names are recorded above. Surely this is cause for great joy, and is proof beyond all doubt that the "Cry" is loved enough to be well sold.

Lieut. Sleeth, of "Cry" fame, has just arrived at Pembroke to help push the sale of the "Cry" in that town. Captain LeDrow, her Captain, says, "God bless her!"

A new Boomer has budded forth at Brockville by name Annie Froe. She has sold "Crys" for quite a time, but forgot to send her name. Do not be bashful about these matters, dear boomers!



New it is really foolish to woo over split mills. In fact, it is not at all consistent with the spirit of a true Salvationist, especially a Boomer. Now, this dear fellow is evidently keeping because he will just work up to find that heaps of his "Crys" are still unsold, and he feels bad, to say the least of it, and is repudiating his own sorrow.

MORALE.—Don't do any more.

Pity we called George Colley, "George" last week, and thus made it appear as a man. Pardon us, dear Captain Biles.

Two new Boomers are entering the list this week at Montreal—Sisters Wilson and Slaton. Slaton has a well-kept restaurant, and sells the Cry to the boarders, and you can see them eating their dinner and reading the Cry. Sister Colley is a trained hospital nurse, but homes the Cry—quite a contrast to those who think themselves above selling Crys.

## North Sydney District.

At SYDNEY, one of my old Crys, a good work is going on; souls have been saved, and there is every chance for a good summer's work to be done. GLAD DAY is having good times. Nineteen souls have been brought to Christ during the last month. Their target for the month was ten new Soldiers, and praise God, we had the joy of enrolling eleven recruits when I was there. Give to Jesus glory! Captain McLean is leading her graves on to save the certain victory. SYDNEY MINES has some faithful Soldiers, who fight to win. The open-air meeting was well attended, and a free and happy meeting was held inside. Captain Pierey was forwarded and Captain Harwood supplies in his place. Here at Sydney we have ten new Soldiers, and interest have been good, and many feel their need of Salvation. God grant that they may believe on Christ to the saving of their souls. My personal experience is this: "Truly God is used to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart."

A. Rogers, Ensign.

## THE ADVANCE OF THE FIRST BRIGADE

By BRIGADIER J. READ.

Glory to God for the three new Agents at Helena! Here are their names: Blatters Hays, Evans and Haddatt. May they take well hold of the Scheme and push it!

Another volley of triumph for the enrollment of the following comrades of Eptorbo, all of whom have promised as Agents to do all they can: Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Gerlio Bacon, Annie Walmsley, Mary Spencer, or (Cabbler Mike). Then Miss Ida Wray, of Tweed has become a Local Agent. Lakefield, Campbellford, Tweed and Peterborough have done well. Little better than at their last collection—Adjutant Doad has just got fifty boxes and a complete outfit of the necessary books. There are three Agents appointed at the Farm, and the country round will be well scoured. The Farm will reap a good benefit.

A brain new Graphophone has been sent to Ensign McKenzie for use in the North-West Province. Doubtless it will materially assist him, and we hope the boxes will boom more than ever—Ensign Perry has received his Talking Machine all O K, and we hope Easterners will enjoy listening to his sweet music.

Ensign Sims requests me to say that at Arripier's Lantern meetings the sum of \$15 was raised, and the necessary books in recent "Cry." Beg pardon, Arripier! HERE IS A CHALLENGE FROM ENSIGN MCKENZIE, OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST: "I will back one of my Agents, Brother Gill, of Winnipeg, against any Canadian Agent, and that I will back Winnipeg against any one Corps in Canada."

Bold challenge this, to be sure! But then, Ensign, Winnipeg Corps and Brother Gill will stand by it and not let down this flag for any other G. B. M. power. What do the other P. A.'s say to this? Ensign says: "I will stand by it. In third last quarter I will aim to win a second next, if not first." Look out Easterners and Ensign Perry!

The Bermuda War Cry Correspondent writes: "Can you please inform Ensign Perry in some way that Bermuda G. B. M. Agents have done a little and may be able to send you a cheerful note (and of hand) but good for a few dollars: I have the sum of \$23.19 from 17 boxes. Brother Simmons has something like 30 stillings, and Brother Beddingford has about 20 stillings."

Still there is greater interest manifested in this glorious scheme. Ensign Barr writes as follows: "Missus is doing well this Quarter. From what the Agents tell me the box money will be almost doubled. The box in the next quarter, Mercutio Corbett has sent \$5.00 in it, and we have promised to double that amount next quarter." He adds further, "I am going in for a bit of a boom, and hope to bring about an alteration before long." Well done, Brother Barr! Keep up the interest.

Winnipeg is doing splendidly this Quarter. Ensign McKenzie says that Brother Gill, an Agent of that city, has already collected \$25.16, but this is only 2-4 of what the total will be. The Ensign sent \$40.00 one week recently. Well done, Prairie City! Gratification raised \$3.00, though a city like this really ought to do better.

Ensign Andrews has written to say that Wallaceburg is rising and Dresden is redeeming its lost character. We saw the town, and the Ensign says it is the least of it; his returned face looks as if his heart is in the business. God bless him in all his efforts and labour of love. Another forty boxes have been sent to Owen Sound.

Four dozen new boxes have had to be sent to Pictou simply because some unkind, unenlightened persons had mixed up some of them—plus their contents! What will God say to such people? Ensign Perry writes: "I am getting quite a bit of money after the services by giving songs to the people." He is making the music of the Children's Band of Love service.

More news from Ensign Sims, who says he will be ready for his Talking Machine soon, and so on. He has received one of the new Agent—Miss Mary McCoy, at Brighton. He also orders a big supply of boxes. Ensign Perry for aggressiveness! The Ensign has had recorded on some blank records, the 6th chapter of Galatians, and has also ordered a big supply of the music of the voice of the fair Island of Bermuda.

Now then, the fat is in the fire. Ensign Andrews has taken up Ensign Sims' song, and he says: "He is a man who is very anxious to know what is wrong with Brother Sims, of the E. O. P. I do not want to think he is ordering on insanity, but he must be terribly excited. At any

rate, on behalf of Captain Collier, and "The Colonel," I say to Agent Polk, of Quebec City, "Let her go," and kindly get Ensign Sims to encourage him in his desperation. The West Ontario Province accepts his challenge. It has come in on top in other matters, and it shall in this one also.

Mrs. Wagner has been appointed Agent at Essex. Doubtless she will make a good thing of it.



BRIGADIER COMPLAIN  
Will visit Guelph, June 6th.

RESCUE WORK TO THE FRONT.  
(Altered List).

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, Woman's Social Secretary, will visit the following places in the East Ontario Province: Kingston, June 6th, 6th, 7th.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

The Soul-Saving Troupe, Adjutant McAmmond in charge, will do special meetings as follows: Guelph, May 20th to June 7th.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SIMS (with Lantern) will visit: Cornwall, June 6th, 6th; St. Albans, 7th, 8th, 9th; Barre, June 12th, 12th, 13th; Newport, 15th, 15th; Cookstock, 17th; Sherbrooke, 18th, 18th; Quebec, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 22nd; Montreal, 23rd, 23rd.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN ANDREWS (with Lantern) will visit: Listowel, June 5th, 6th; Palmerston, 7th, 8th; Clifford, 9th, 9th; Walkerton, 10th; Durham, 11th; Dryden, 11th; Guelph, 14th, 15th; Hespeler, 16th; Galt, 17th, 18th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN MCKENZIE (with Talking Machine) will visit: Regina, June 5th, 6th, 7th; Prince Albert, 20th, 20th, 11th; Carberry, 14th, 15th; Portage La Prairie, 16th, 17th; Winnipeg, 19th, 20th; Selkirk, 22nd; Port Arthur, 23rd, 23th, 23th.

## THE RUMSELLER.

Every individual in society is expected to contribute something to its advancement and interest. We remember that about twenty years ago, of a company of tradesmen who united themselves into a mutual benefit society, and each one had to relate what he could contribute to its support.

First, the blacksmith came forward and said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh! I can iron your carriages, shoe your horses, and make all kinds of implements!"

"Well, what can you do?"

"The mason applied for admission into the society."

"And what can you do, sir?"

"I can build your barns, houses, and stables, and bridges."

"Very well, come in; we cannot do without you."

Along comes the shoemaker, and says, "I wish to become a member of your society."

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker; we must have you."

In turn, all the different trades and professions applied, till at last an individual came in who wanted to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a rumsseller."

"A rumsseller! and what can you do?"

"I can build jails, and prisons, and penitentiaries."

"And is that all?"

"No! I can fill them. I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor-houses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the gray hair of sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill the land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cried the rumsseller, "is that not enough?"

Love and humility will soften the hardest heart.—W. Lidell, Lieutenant.

# SALVATION SHOUTS



## A Demonstration Solo.

NOTE.—This is an English patriotic song, not original, but remodelled for our Army by Adjutant Archibald.

Tune.—Three Cheers for the Yellow, Red and Blue." B. J., 258.

1 "TIS the flag of the Salvation Army,  
The home of the world floats in view:

The shrine of each soldier's devotion,  
Is held in the Yellow, Red and Blue,  
Our battle-field makes heroes assemble,  
Who'll fight for their Saviour and be true.

Our banner will make all hell to tremble—  
Three cheers for the Yellow, Red and Blue.

Chorus.

Three cheers for the Yellow, Red and Blue,  
Three cheers for the Yellow, Red and Blue,  
Our banner will make all hell to tremble—  
Three cheers for the Yellow, Red and Blue.

When our General stood in wild desolation,  
Alone, where every step could deform,  
Twas there he laid the Army's foundation,  
Which ever since has stood against the storm.  
Now the garland of victory is o'er him,  
So bravely has he marched to DARE  
AND DO.

With our flag floating proudly o'er him,  
Give three cheers for the Yellow, Red and Blue.

Then press forward, good Salvation Army,  
The call from distant lands has just begun,  
As the millions now sit in heathen darkness,  
Wait now to hear the sound of Army drum.  
O'er the wide, wide world we'll march for Jesus,  
Bid our Comrades to their colors all be true;  
Salvation Army, ONE ARMY FOREVER.

Three cheers for the Yellow, Red and Blue.

—:—:—

## Holiness.

Tune.—"Travelling Home," B. L., 7; S. M. L., 400; "There is a Better World."

2 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
While I pray, (Repeat)  
Come, all my heart with Jesus' love,  
While I pray.  
Oh, bring the witness of my God,  
That I am washed in Jesus' Blood,  
And all my evil is made good,  
While I pray.

Oh, come, and make my heart Thy Throne,  
While I pray.  
Cast out Thy foes and reign alone,  
While I pray.  
Now cleanse my soul from every stain,  
That I may find Salvation gain,  
And in Thy holiness remain,  
While I pray.

My doubts and fears I lay on Thee,  
While I pray.

That I from sin may be set free,  
While I pray.  
My wayward nature, Lord, refine,  
Raise me in Christ to life Divine,  
That I may ever feel Thee mine,  
While I pray.

H. Kreiger, Edmonton.

—:—:—

## Backslider, Come Home.

Tune.—"Call Me Back Again."

3 I went one night into an Army meeting,  
God's Spirit strove with me so very plain,  
I ventured out, and oh, I was so happy,  
I thought I never could backslide again.  
I was enthralled, I fought for Christ my Saviour,  
I bore the Cross, the mocking and the shame,  
The tempter came, and in an evil moment  
I fell, and so I lost my peace again.

Chorus.

Take me back again, take me back again!  
I'm tired now of selfish, worldly pleasure,  
Oh, will my Saviour take me back again?

God's Spirit left, these warlike words were spoken,  
"I leave thee now, to try the world again."  
The true, strong love He once bestowed upon me,  
I felt, alas, 'twas taken back again.

My hopes all fled, my friends seemed near to cheer me,  
Discouragement poured down on me like rain;  
The opera and the ball-room seemed to mock me,  
Oh, will my Saviour take me back again?

Oh, Lord, I come to Thee once more for pardon,  
My waywardness has only brought me pain;  
The world has brought me bitter pain and sorrow,  
Lord Jesus, take, oh, take me back again!

I know that God has healed all my backslidings,  
The joy once lost has been restored again;  
Now, wanderer, Jesus sees your lost condition,  
And waits to freely take you back again.

—:—:—

## Salvation Forever.

Tune.—"Bring Back My Bonnie to Me."

4 Salvation is broad as the ocean,  
Salvation is deep as the sea;  
Salvation is always in motion,  
Salvation is boundless and free.

Chorus.

Sing it, sing it,  
Salvation through Jesus for me!  
Sing it, sing it,  
Salvation through Jesus for me!

There's no friend for sinners like Jesus,  
There's no friend like Jesus can save;  
From all sinful thoughts He'll release us,  
And keep us true, earnest and brave.

We'll sing this "good news" o'er the world,  
Till all who are tempted and tried  
Shall turn to our God for Salvation,  
And cling to the Christ crucified.

Harry Benton, Durham.

—:—:—

## Our Army's Marching on.

Tune.—"John Brown's Body."

5 God is with our Army, we are marching on to war,  
We don't care what the devil thinks,  
Or what he says we are;  
Thus those who are against us our God is more by far.  
Our Army's marching on!

God is with us, Hallelujah!  
God is with us, Hallelujah!  
God is with us, Hallelujah!  
Our Army's marching on!

The Great Jehovah—King of kings,  
The God of heaven and earth,  
Who more than thirty years ago did  
give our Army birth;  
He's led us on, from year to year, oh,  
sing with holy mirth!  
Our Army's marching on!

Our hosts are marching onward and  
our flag is now unfurled  
In nearly every country; we will conquer  
all the world;  
The devil and his angels back to hell  
are being hurled;  
Our Army's marching on!

Brigadier Addie.

—:—:—

Tune.—"The Blood of Jesus Cleanses  
White as Snow," B. J., 19, 1.

6 For years I was in darkness  
—:—:—  
So blind I could not see;  
The simple story of the Cross  
Possessed no charms for me.  
My soul was dark as night,  
But Jesus sent the light  
Into my soul, and now, thank God, I  
see.

Chorus.

With Jesus I am walking in the light,  
With Jesus I am walking in the light,  
The peace I now enjoy,  
'Tis bliss without alloy,  
With Jesus I am walking in the light.

The Gospel light from Heaven fell  
Into my darkened soul,  
With such a power that every scale  
From off my eyes fell roll.  
All darkness passed away,  
My night was changed to day,  
And now with Christ I'm walking in the light.

My soul, which was by Satan bound,  
Is now at liberty;  
True joy and peace in Christ I've found—  
He gives me victory.

And now, wherever I go,  
To all the world I'll show  
That I with Christ am walking in the light.

—:—:—

Tune.—"There's Mercy Still for Thee,"  
B. J., 15.

7 The Judgement Day is drawing  
near in dread reality,  
When all the dead God's voice  
shall hear,  
And rise from dead and sea.  
Then for that fearful day prepare,  
Repent and turn to God;  
His life He gave, He longs to save,  
And wash you in His blood.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee, (Repeat.)  
Poor, trembling soul, He'll make thee whole,  
There's mercy still for thee.

Oh, what a countless host shall then  
Before the Judge appear,  
Waiting with joy or guilty dread,  
Their final doom to hear!  
Then hidden things revealed will be,  
And secrets brought to light;  
Their sinful course will sinners see,  
And tremble at the sight.

Those opportunities abused  
By God in mercy given;  
The Spirit's voice so long refused,  
That would have led to Heaven's  
Oh, ere your every chance be fled,  
Yield to the Spirit's voice!  
He calls to-day, no more delay,  
But make the Lord your choice.

## They Embalmed Him Alive.

PROFESSOR MASPERO, the renowned Egyptologist, says that among the Royal mummies unburied in his was one, a young man, who had evidently been embalmed alive. The body had been tightly bound in three places, and then coated with bitumen, lime, and pounded resin, and then wound from head to foot with bandages which had been dipped in some glutinous preparation. The agonized expression of the face and other evidences gave the scientist his clue. His age was probably about twenty-three. The gold ornaments on his body indicated that he was one of high rank, and most likely the victim of some terrible tragedy. The way this unhappy man was bound is a state some men suffer themselves to be led into by sin, and how agonizing must be their last moments!

God estimates us not by the position we are in but by the way in which we fill that position.

A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.—Whittier.

# HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS

JUNE 13th.

## "PERSONAL EXPERIENCE."

Psalm xxxiv.

## DAVID'S TESTIMONY.

David was a great man at giving his testimony. He never gave it from force of habit or because he could not get out of doing so, but because his heart was running over with the praises of the God who had done great things for him and in whom he had such love and confidence.

## BOASTING IN THE LORD.

David had a good object to his testimony-giving—give glory to God. That should be the aim of all who stand up to give their personal experience. David spoke of boasting in the Lord. What a glorious boast to boast in have we! What God has done for us! Our very good desires, and the fact that we have a testimony to give at all, are His gifts. Let us see to it that He gets all the praise.

## "I BOUGHT THE LORD."

David began at the starting-point—the step that paves the way for all spiritual triumphs. He sought, his cry was heard, and he was delivered from all his fears.

Never be afraid of telling the story of your conversion. Give your up-to-date experience, but never be afraid of going back to the moment when you knelt at the pentecost and heard Jesus say, "It will help your own soul and help others to tell simply and clearly how you came to your faith, how you came to the Saviour, and how He delivered you."

"TASTE AND SEE THAT THE LORD IS GOOD."

After seeking and finding the Lord, David found out by practical experience how blessed are those who trust in Him. He urged all to taste—test the riches of His grace. He told how the children of God and he, David, the Lord looked after them while they looked after His interests.

## A WORD TO THE JUNIORS.

David did not leave out the children. As he looked back over his past experience he longed to see all start what is truly the secret of a happy life—the fear of the Lord. He pointed out how those who wanted to live a good and a long life must start by serving God. The love and service of God is the one thing which can make any one's life in the highest sense of the word successful.

## TAKE CARE OF "LITTLE THINGS."

The tongue David mentions as needing special care, and does not our own experience bear out the importance with which it is mentioned. The boy or girl whose tongue has been given to God will be a blessing and comfort wherever they go, whereas if that little but often unruly member is allowed to speak hastily and without an owner will have a changeable experience and fail to be the gleam of sunshine amongst other people that any saved boy or girl should be.

## THE PORTION OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

A righteous man is a man who is right—right in thought, in every thought and word and deed. If a man would be righteous in the great events in his life, he must prepare himself for duty by being righteous in all the little things of every-day life. Therefore, such a man must have the blessing of a clean heart. David contrasts the righteous and the wicked, and the reward of one and the wickedness and sorrow of the other. Those who are right in the sight of God need have no fear, though they are surrounded by God's favor is with them and He will protect them from evil. To be right inwardly and to be right outwardly, and to be right in every circumstance, is the only way to true prosperity, however good earthly circumstances may appear.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Why did David give his testimony?
2. What is the first important step in our experience?
3. What advice did David give the children?
4. What "little" thing did he tell them to be careful to watch?
5. What is a righteous man and what does the Lord promise such?

## MEMORY TEXT.

"I sought the Lord and He heard me and delivered me from all my fears."

## FRANCO-SWISS WAR.

## Unique Slum Story.

WE HAVE received a most interesting booklet by Commissioner E. and Lucy Booth-Hellier, entitled "ECHOES FROM THE FRANCO-SWISS BATTLEFIELD." Our hasty perusal creates the impression that a splendid work is being done by the Army in France and Switzerland. The Army there has 48 officers, has received 15,000 men in France, at which 747 men and women have publicly sought Salvation. In Switzerland, 5,635 penitents have been registered and the number of soldiers has increased by one-fifth. It is an annual statement of the cash passing through the Territorial Headquarters, and some graceful references to the splendid work of Commissioner Booth-Hellier and the Marché in the fifteen years of their command, the contents of "ECHOES" from the penitents, the Rescue Homes, and Slums, and so on. Here is an echo from the Slum work:

At 10 o'clock one evening the Officers are asked to go and visit a poor lonely woman, who has been ailing for some hours' attention by her loud cries. They are conducted to a miserable little attic, the horrid stench of which nearly makes it impossible to enter, furniture and chattels none existing, with the exception of a saucepan. And here is a woman, in the pains of child-birth, almost so much as a blanket to cover herself with.—It takes them a tremendous effort to rouse a sleepy neighbour who, with much grumbling, at last consents to go and fetch the district doctor. After a while it seemed hours to the Officers—this gentleman arrives accompanied by two policemen, for, he understood, into these regions where our Officers move about at all hours of the night, the doctor does not penetrate unless he has a guard of the peace" on each side. He says that nothing will happen for another month, gives some instructions and withdraws grumbling at having been disturbed at such an hour and prophesying the speedy collapse of the Salvation Army. The poor woman seems a little calmer, and the Lieutenant prevails upon the Captain, who had been awake the whole previous night, to go home, leaving her alone with the sick. But before ten minutes have passed the pains return, the woman takes hold of the Lieutenant and pleads with her not to leave her. Fortunately a woman neighbour comes and offers to lend a hand. The doctor is sent for again and he arrives in a far from amiable mood—always accompanied by the two policemen.

Doctor—"You seem to think that I am going to spend the night here!"

Slum Lassie—"Monsieur, the child will soon be born, you see the frightful misery, not a rag to wrap it in, what shall we do?"

Doctor—"Get some cabbage-leaves. I return home now."

Slum Lassie—"Indeed you won't! You must give an order for this woman to enter the hospital and send for a carriage to take her there!"

Doctor—"A carriage! Who is going to pay for that? I can't do anything in this matter."

Slum Lassie—"If it is only the question of the cab fare I will be responsible for that, but I understand that if you give an order the municipality will pay."

In the face of such determination the doctor gives way and the carriage is sent for.

But now arises the question as to how to get the woman down from the fourth story and in to the carriage. The policeman, although he is tempted to refuse to give their assistance as it is "against their instructions." If she were in the street they could take charge of her, but they have no way to carry her out of the house. They dare not disobey their regulation. However, the girl who prevailed upon the doctor overcame the reluctance of the policemen after a little persuasive appealing to their human feelings. So they carry the woman down stairs and carried the woman down stairs.

But the adventures of that night were not yet at an end. The driver who was drunk the horse took fright and ran away, the carriage was smashed and the woman, expecting to become mother, was ended in a hospital in a new-fallen snow. What was to be done? The Officer first of all wraps the poor woman in some of her own warm clothes and then the policeman goes and fetch some help, but on condition that the Lieutenant would hold the horse while he went. But this naturally third girl, who had never in her life before dared to come near a horse, held the restive animal for ten minutes until the driver arrived. It was then that she was rewarded for her heroism by seeing the woman at last safe within the walls of the hospital.

## HELL'S CARDINAL PANG.

Written Especially for the War Cry Platform by  
Major Southall.



AIN would we speak of the glorious reality of Salvation, of its priceless-ness, of its power, of its peace, of its joyousness on earth, or its assurances for the life to come.

Aye, rather would we speak of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Of His wondrous grace. Of His matchless sympathy. Of His poverty. Of His sorrow. Of His loneliness. Of His agony in the garden. Of His sufferings at the scourging pillar. Of His exquisite agonies when crowned with a crown of thorns—when pierced with the sword-points of His derisive—when the spikes of His murderers lacerated hands and feet—when His body hung on three nails—when gall and vinegar was the response to His call for drink when the soldier's spear severed the main artery of His heart—when the crimson river flowed from His riven side, which was capable of bearing away on its majestic tide the sins of the whole world. Aye, rather would we speak to you of Jesus and His power to save.

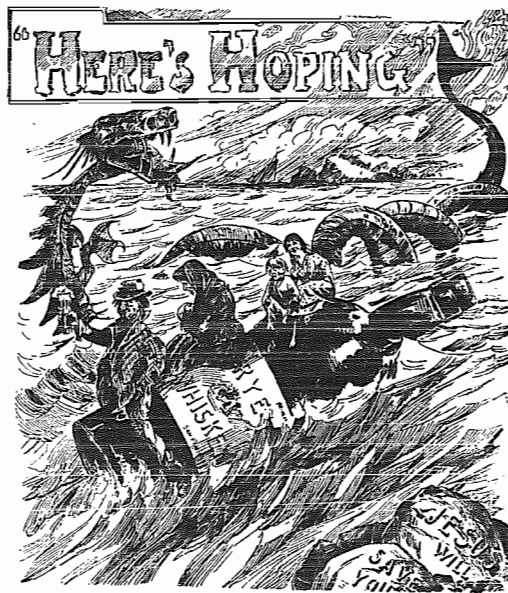
BUT—If after so long listening to the story of our Lord's death—this evening we are conscious of our responsibility as His ambassadors. That responsibility.

as though you had not listened to this and other Salvation Army addresses. Alas! No, do not think so, for

You Have Not Done with Them.

You carry with you a faculty that no power can annihilate—the ability to REMEMBER. How many have told us that when suddenly thrust (by accidents in various ways) upon the confines of another world, the deeds of a lifetime seemed suddenly to swoop down upon them with an overwhelming force—acts of meanness, selfishness, fraudulence, cruelty and other wrongs that have been forgotten, were suddenly resurrected and passed before their eyes in review order, carrying their penalty with them. The rich man's testimony is handed down to us in proof of this awful power having its sway in the life beyond the grave.

"Only a parable?"—maybe. It does not affect the truth itself whether it be illustrated by a parable or by actual fact. He remembered his superabundance of things on earth—he remembered the poverty and wretchedness of the poor man at his gate. Possibly he thinks if he could but speak to Lazarus he may be able to remedy the past in some measure, and seeing Lazarus "afraid off" in "Abraham's bosom"—a place of special blessedness—he appeals to the father of his race



HERE'S HOPING JESUS WILL SAVE YOU.

—A Cartoon from the Pacific Coast War Cry.

bility is to remind you that if you will not accept His mercy

You Must Endure His Justice.

Long has the day of mercy held out. As God permitted the sun at Joshua's mandate to stand still, so He seems to have permitted the sun of your day of grace to tarry in his course. But he is nearing the western horizon—the shadows are beginning to gather—the evening is at hand—and quickly the gloom of night will be upon you. What then, if you persist in persisting your present course until that darkness surrounds you? Have you weighed the question sufficiently? Have you given the same regard to this, as to the side of the pleasures of life? I think not. Do not imagine that you have done with a mother's prayers because years intervene since you listened to them. Do not think that the lessons and truths that aroused your conscience in church and Sunday-school are forever so because you are older and bigger than you were then. Do not think that as you leave this building to-night (if unsaved) that things will be with you

(hoping it may insure his rescue) to send Lazarus to cool his tongue with water.

"Son, Remember."

Ah, that was what he was anxious NOT to do. The loathsomeness of the bit of woe with its horrible fiends—the shrieks of anguish that pierce his brain and stung his heart—the smotherings caused by the burning fire that leaped and roared—seemed almost tolerable compared with this frightful power that recalled his former condition and unimproved opportunities so vividly. This biting serpent was ever sending its fangs into the quicks of his soul, and yet time (if it could be called such) did not seem to weaken its power. Ever revolving this wheel of a quickened memory, must forever so on making fresh as if yesterday the mean-nesses and wrongs of a century or an age gone before.

My friend, while we are candid with you we are also anxious for your soul's welfare. Do not be deluded into thinking light of the question of eternal punishment because you cannot conceive of material fire, etc. The power

already alluded to is capable of producing definitely greater pain and anguish than material fire. You realize beyond any question that you

Must Carry this Faculty with You

Think, then, if only banished from God—if only housed with the vilest, the most wretchedly repulsive of the most villainous of the world's outcasts in all history—if only to have the power to remember in such circumstances the days of childhood—mother's prayers—the old church—the faithful minister and Sunday school teacher—the earnest Salvation Army Officers and Soldiers—you know the deeds of wrong-doing (not very bad, perhaps, neither was the rich man) that cost you your soul—and then to REMEMBER what you are, and what you might have been, will surely decide the point that a quickened, infallible memory must be

The Cardinal Pang of Hell.

## WAR CRY SELLER CHARLIE McQUEEN.

Of Windsor, Ontario, Gives Her Testimony.



I have been a Soldier for over two years. I have been selling War Crys about ten months. I have enjoyed the work and am glad that I am able to carry the Gospel of Jesus to the saloons. God has wonderfully helped me in so time and I feel that I have helped I mean to do all I can for the extension of His Kingdom.

Yours in God's service,  
CARRIE McQUEEN.

## MRS. J. MEDLOCK.

An Old Soldier and Successful War Cry Seller of Richmond St. Corps (Old No. 1) Gives a Good Testimony to the Value of War Cry Selling.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor:—

I felt like sending a few lines this morning concerning the booming of the War Cry. I could send you a list of cases I have seen while selling the War Cry, which I shouldn't have done had I not been selling it. Only a short time ago I sat out on house where a young man was divine. By selling the Cry and through sinning and sinning I had made it the means of his soul being saved, and he is in Heaven to-day. Only this last Sunday I had not got many yards from my own house when I was asked whether I would come in, and there laid a dear saint of God, who had been suffering the last fortnight, who needed a cheering word and a little prayer. He had seen for his own minister and friends and got no help. With tears he thanked me for the part I had taken in his recovery. I was further God had taken a darling child, and there I was enabled to point the mother to God, and prayed the Lord to bless her in her time of sorrow. I do feel in my own soul the harvest is great and the laborers are few. I pray He will keep me very near to His power. I may always be a blessing and bless you, and give you much success in your labor of love!



MRS. J. MEDLOCK.  
Richmond St. No. 1.

When Christians are one in Christ, the world will be won for Christ.

—||—  
You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.—A—  
sonius.

—||—  
A little will serve a man who is strong in grace; much will not serve him who is weak in grace; nothing will do for him who is void of grace.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.